My maid in England had packed the pudding with my furs! It simply reeked of camphor.

So we had to dine on Henry's wine and L. F. Austin's wit. This dear, hrilliant man, now dead, acted for many years as Henry's secretary, and one of his gifts was the happy knack of hitting off people's peculiarities in rhyme. This dreadful Christmas dinner at Pittsburg was enlivened by a collection of such rhymes, which Mr. Austin called a " Lyceum Christmas Play."

Every one roared with laughter until it came to the verse of which he was the victim, when suddenly he found the fun rather laboured!

The first verse was spoken by Lov^day, who announces that the " Governor " has a new play which is " *Wonderful/*" a great word of Loveday's.

George Alexander replies:

" But I say, Loveday, have I got a part in. it,
That I can wear a cloak in and look smart in it ?
Not that I care a fig for gaudy show, dear boy—
But juveniles must *look* well, don't you know, dear boy.
And shall I lordly hall and tuns of claret own ?
And may I murmur love in dulcet baritone ?
Tell me at least, this simple fact of it—
Can I beat Terriss hollow in one act of it ? '*[1]

Nor-man Forbes:

" Pooh for Wenman's bass 1[2] Why should he make a boast of it ?
If he has a voice, I have got the ghost of it I
When I pitch it low, you may say how weak it is,
When I pitch it high, heavens I what a squeak it is !

[1] Alexander had just succeeded Terriss as our leading young man.

[2] Wenman had a rolling bass voice of which he was very proud. He was a valuable actor, yet somehow never interesting. Young Norman Forbes-Robertson played Sir Andrew Ague Cheek with us on our second American tour.